

PLAYBOY'S
Blondes,
Brunettes &
Redheads



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Brunettes

*&
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PLAYBOY PRESS



Do gentlemen prefer blondes? Are redheads temperamental? Is there mystery in darkness? The controversy rages from Scandinavia to Little America and all points between. What's your pleasure? Most men do play favorites and that's why we designed *Playboy's Blondes, Brunettes & Redheads* in three sections. Do you swoon over redheads? Turn directly to them and leave our blonde and brunette beauties for later. Whether your style is defined by blondes like Penny Baker, brunettes like Devin DeVasquez or redheads like Denise Schwartzlow, our cover models and again at right, you'll find all you ever dreamed of here. The world is filled with beautiful women, and PLAYBOY takes pride in bringing you only the *most beautiful* beautiful women. We don't want just to knock your eyes out; we want to knock out your eyes and singe your hair, too. We look for a beauty that is more than skin-deep, the kind you see in the eyes of a woman who *knows* what she can do to a man's heartbeat. That's a form of communication—the difference between a two-way street and a dead end—and that kind of beauty is rare. But it's on every page of this special edition, which explores the full spectrum from pale yellow to ebony. So linger awhile, enjoy the scenery, and let your heartbeat be your guide.



Blondes





Blondes are preferred by gentlemen, they say, and when you consider ladies like Linda Kerridge (wreathed in red on our opening page), Lynda Wiesmeier (left) and Kym Herrin (all over this page), you begin to understand why.





The blonde spectrum runs from strawberry to flaxen. Kim McArthur used to be strawberry (below); now she's flaxen (opposite). That face looks great under any color.









Susie Scott's long, golden locks bring Rapunzel to mind. When Susie lets down her hair, she rivals the beauty of any princess, either real or of the fairy-tale variety.





C'est la Guerri—Ruth Guerri, that is. A spirited St. Louisan, Ruth can look dreamily sultry when the spirit moves her. In dreams, all women look like this.

For years, potential blondes (these are real ones) were wooed by the "Blondes Have More Fun" ad campaign, which claimed "only her hairdresser knows for sure." Maybe so, but nobody cares. If a person looks like Connie Brighton (opposite), illusion's as good as reality.









We'll look at Lil from both sides now. On the opposite page and above, Lillian Müller shows off her Scandinavian design—the original and still-golden standard for blonde beauty worldwide.

Whether it's Gig Gangel nuzzling local flora (right), Kym Malin at the pool (below) or Marlene Janssen getting ready for a nocturnal outing (opposite), the female of the light-haired American species beautifies all her habitats.





Statuesque is the word for Terri Welles (below), Teri Peterson (near right) and Karen Witter (opposite page), standing tall to reveal the majesty of their blondness in full-length photographs. There's nothing wrong with a close-up of a sparkling smile, but the long view does have certain advantages.





Strolling down the road to the beach, you find Sydne Rome erasing her tan lines. If all roads led to Rome, how would Sydne find space enough to enhance those sun-bleached highlights?





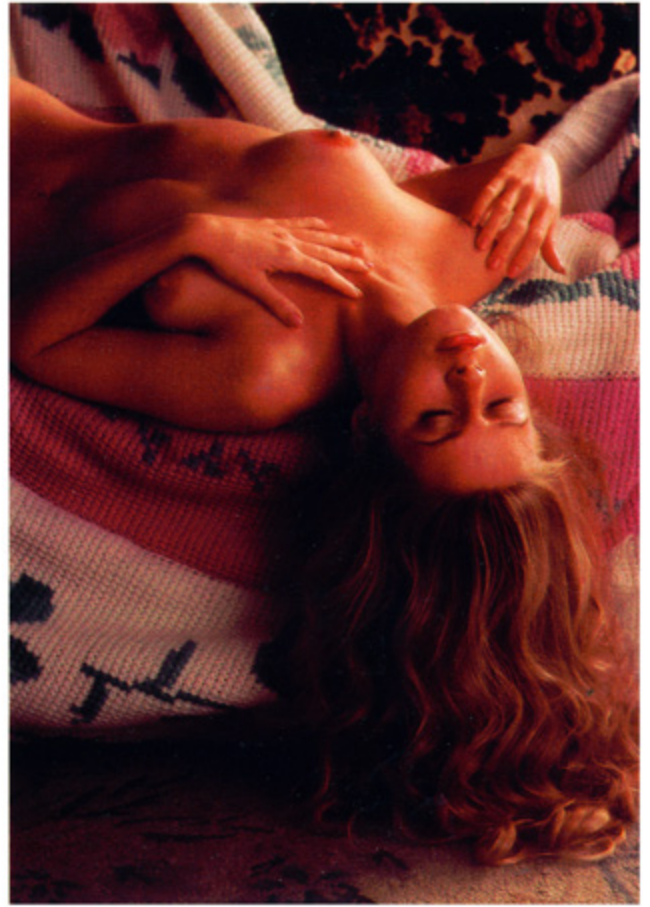
Blonde shades go well with pastels, as illustrated by Kim Mills' translucent lavender (opposite) and Sondra Theodore's hot pink at left (it was plain old pink before she put it on). Below, a close-up of Sondra wearing her famous *Baby Blue* necklace—a diamond-studded gift from a friend to commemorate their first meeting. The friend was PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.





It's an ill wind that blows no good; the wind on the opposite page is a healthy one. Above, Ursula Buchfeller and a teddy bear that can't believe its button eyes.





When Karen Morton (above), Marcy Hanson (below left), Melinda Mays (below right) or Missy Cleveland (opposite) is somewhere near, it's a golden opportunity missed if no one records the event. Turn the page to see a silver miss named Connie Brighton.



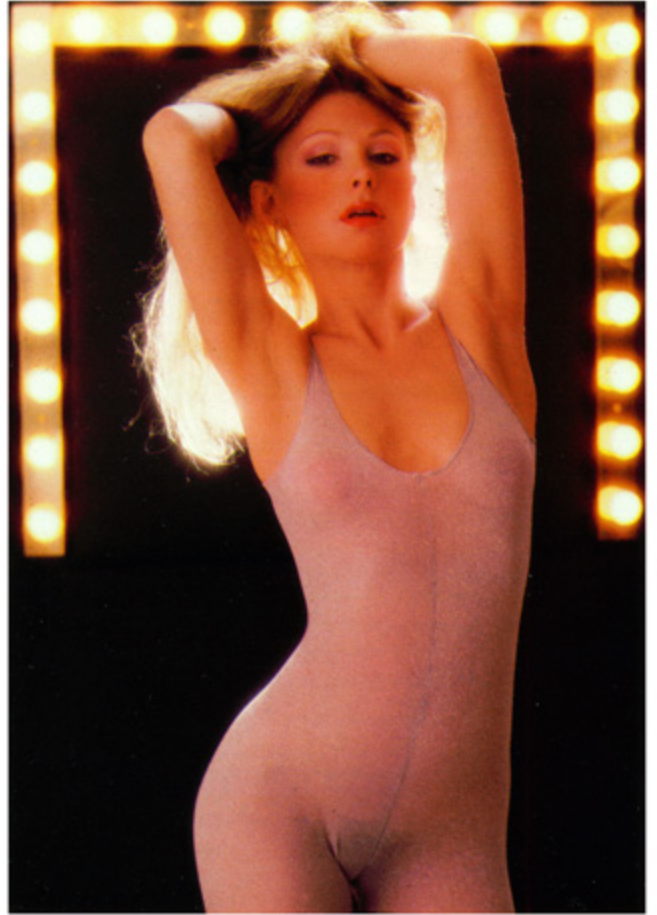






How do you make a Venetian temporarily blind? Let him look at Linda Kerridge (above). At right is an intoxicating view of the well-ripened Dorit Stevens, who makes any year a vintage one.





The treasures of Tut have nothing on golden-tressed Cathy St. George (below). Like Melanie Haller (right) and Anita Russell (opposite), Cathy has found that a golden mane can help a girl attract her main man.







The blonde. Debra Jo Fondren. Almost synonymous. Since her September 1977 gatefold, Debra Jo—whose luxuriant locks are her sexiest outfit—has been one of the most popular PLAYBOY centerfold girls since Marilyn Monroe. There's more of Fondren on the next spread.







The fringed bangs and almond-shaped eyes of Monique St. Pierre deserve close attention. Her hair is styled in semi-pageboy fashion—an odd phrase to associate with anything about Monique.





Honest perusers of PLAYBOY admit they play favorites—they like one blonde more than another, or all blondes more than brunettes. Or vice versa. One thing they agree on is that they like seeing as much of their favorites as possible. How else to decide between Hope Olson (right) and Pamela Jean Bryant (below)? How else to choose between Susan Smith (at the top of the opposite page) and Irka Bochenko (at the bottom)? The really *smart* perusers of PLAYBOY are different. They examine the magazine carefully, assign points to each blonde, brunette and redhead, then yell, "It's a hundred-way tie!"







Miss Marianne Gravatte (above and right) was Miss October 1982 and Playmate of the Year 1983, an honor bestowed each twelvemonth on the women who most admirably exemplify the PLAYBOY ideal. The PLAYBOY ideal is like jazz—if you don't already know what it is, don't bother asking. But you can turn to the next page for a two-page look at one of its living definitions: Marianne.





See-through swimsuits and off-the-shoulder dresses are methods attractive blondes use to divert attention from their hair. They get tired of the way the world emphasizes blondness—they have more to offer, as you can see.







Let us reintroduce you to Newfoundland's Shannon Tweed—you've seen her in the *Falcon Crest* series, a movie called *Hot Dog* and as our Playmate of the Year 1982. A few pages back, we were talking about the PLAYBOY ideal. Shannon enunciates it well: "There's nothing wrong with being a sex object, as long as that's not all you are."



Brunettes



Brunettes don't get enough credit. Blondes and redheads are more rare and therefore, to some at least, more precious. One look at Laura Gemser—the dark, delicious Eurasian on the previous spread—will change that. If not, two looks at Lorraine Michaels (below) and one at Brazilian actress Claudia Ohana (right) should do the trick.









Candy Loving (birthday suit at left, birthday *and* patriotic suits above) has the pretty face that was chosen from among thousands to become our 25th Anniversary Playmate. A brunette who looks like Candy or like Deborah Ferguson (below) proves that brown is beautiful.





Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink. But drink with thine eyes to Catherine Serre (left and below) and Liz Glazowski (right). Brunettes convey a sense of mystery that runs deep as any river. Often, they exhibit a down-to-earth quality that makes you feel comfortable on short acquaintance and adds to the pleasure of their company, which is, clearly, one of life's greatest of pleasures.





Tennis fans know Patti McGuire as Mrs. Jimmy Connors, the gorgeous brunette in the stands at all his matches. But Patti's had her own fans ever since she appeared as Miss November 1976. Then she reigned as Playmate of the Year 1977—the PLAYBOY equivalent of winning Wimbledon. She is a winner from any point of view.





If beauty came only in the blonde variety, how would we categorize someone who looks like sultry Barbara Carrera, one of the sexiest stars on any continent.





Lourdes Estores (left and below) is a walking, talking miracle from Hawaii. Part Hawaiian, part Tahitian, part Filipino and part Spanish, she embodies the multifaceted aloha spirit. Lourdes comes from a family of 22; the lovelies above are related to her—but only in the sisterhood of brunette bombshells.





The beautiful brunette can mesmerize—the Sirens who called to Ulysses were brunettes, you know. Here are three modern sirens—Loretta Martin (above), Laura Gemser (below) and Sylvie Garant (facing page)—whose song is the subtle call of sheer sensuality.







Barbara Edwards' come-hither look has kept men running thither for years, but Barbara's not the type to settle down—not when there's a night on the town coming up.







Raven-haired Karen Hafter (opposite page) exudes a sensuality few women can approach. Left, below and on the following two-page spread, you'll find Veronica Gamba, whose beauty has sometimes been called sultry, sometimes smoldering. We think it's pure perfection.









This compendium of the world's loveliest brunettes would be incomplete without the South American cinema's Sensuous Woman, Sonia Braga (below and at left). Both Sonia and European model Christina Hui (right) have been known to melt photographers' lenses.



West Germany's Jolanda Egger (below) and America's Karen Price (opposite) offer contrasts in environments. Brunettes are equally comfortable in the intimacy of the boudoir or at the seashore, beneath a blazing sun.







Here's a very important person named Carina Persson (left and below), whose wind-blown look gives proof that tousled hair can be as attractive as the most carefully brushed arrangement. On the page opposite is Evelyn Guerrero, in a classic sexy pose with a classic hair style.









Communication is transmitted through body language as well as verbiage, but the former has an economy mere words can never have. Here, Henriette Allais speaks volumes in two simple motions—an eloquent linguist, Henriette.



Reclined near a pillow the color of passion, she seems primed for pillow talk. We can't resist the temptation to use one of our favorite phrases to describe this gorgeous woman—the foxy, aptly y-clept Anne-Marie Fox.



The name Jayne Mansfield conjures up visions of one of the original blonde sex stars. This brunette is an equally heavenly body. Her name is Jayne Marie Mansfield.







Remember Michael Jackson's cute-as-a-button girlfriend in *Thriller*? That was Ola Ray (left). Now, be honest. Who's more thrilling to you, Michael or Ola? Above, Lonny Chin rests seductively, a study in scarlet. Below, European fashion model Chichinou Kaeppler decorates a baroque setting. A beautiful brunette can surround herself with any color, from pastels to jewel tones to neutrals, without causing optic dissonance. She is always pleasing to the eye.





A chic chapeau hides Victoria Cunningham's dark tresses, but cannot detract from her beauty (left). Below and right, Liz Glazowski returns to say farewell on behalf of all our brunettes. When you turn the page, you'll begin the final phase of our look at woman's crowning glories.



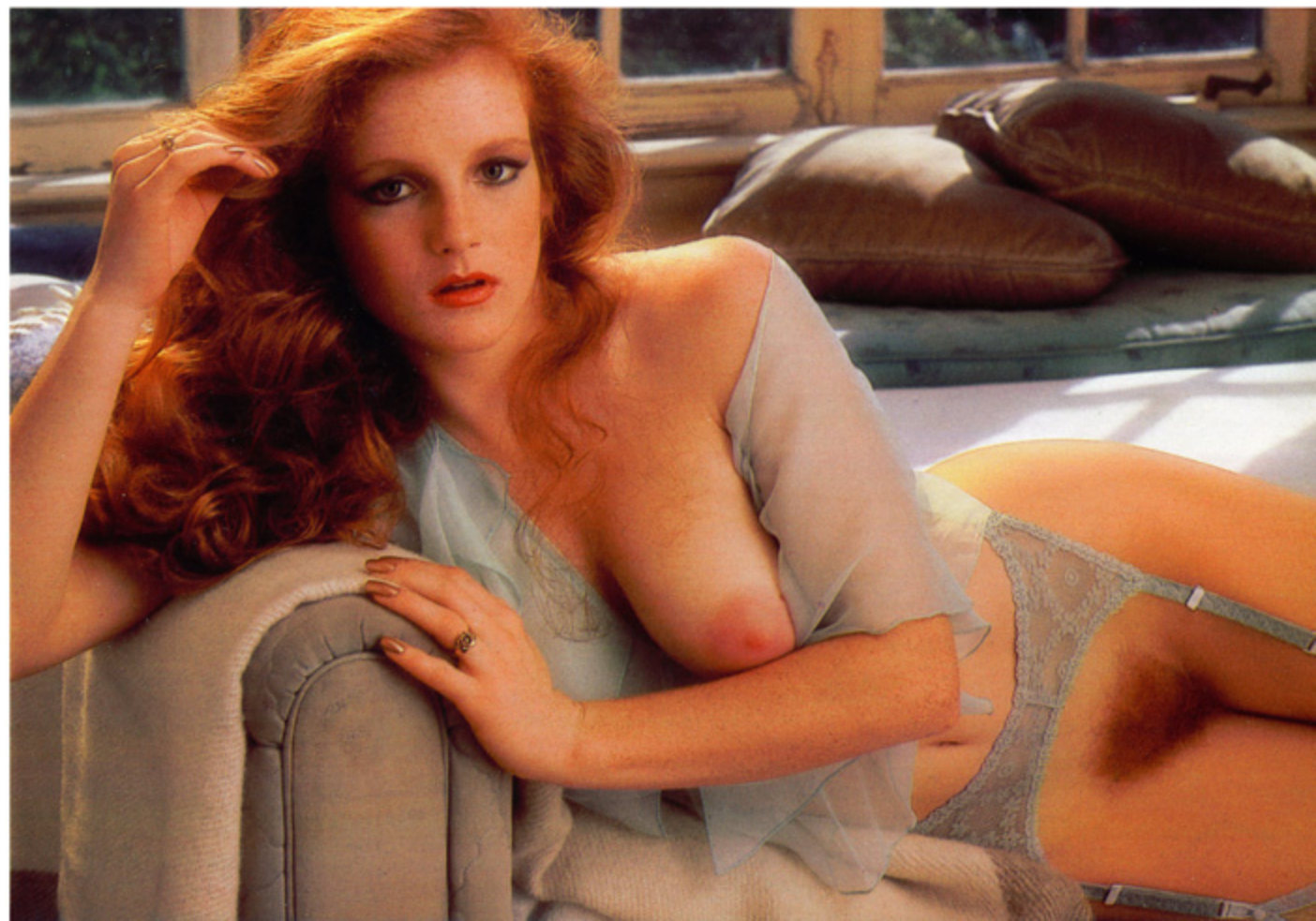
Redheads







Redheads are temperamental, by reputation. Mercurial. And very, very warm. It's good to avoid generalizations, but the thing about stereotypes is that they wouldn't get to be stereotypes if there weren't a grain of truth in them. So let's examine the sample we see before us. Temperamental? Maybe. There's a change in the weather in these eyes. Mercurial? Ditto. And warm? No. Red-hot.

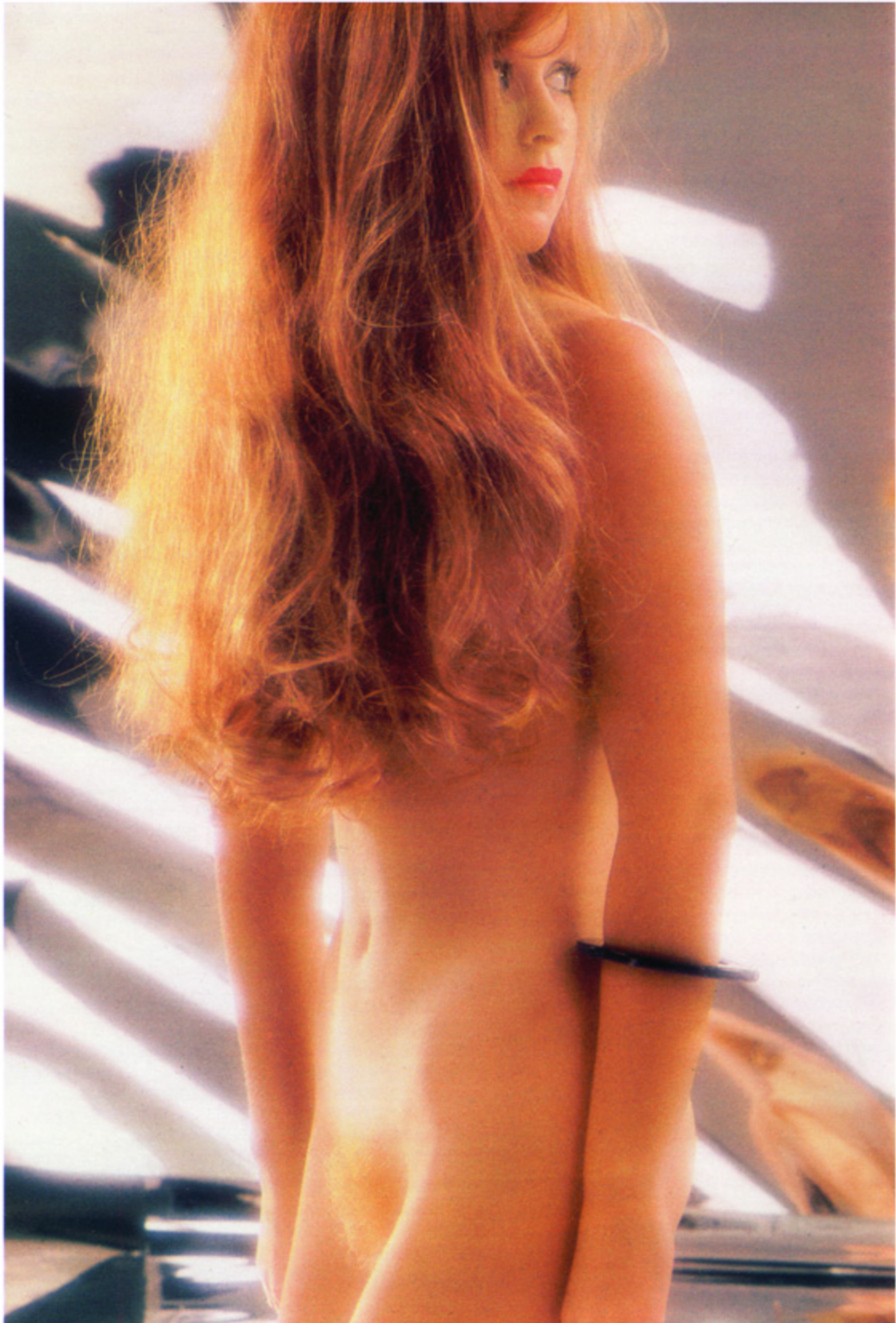


Here we have Lee Ann Michelle, a person with whom you'll be on a first-name basis no matter which of her names you use. Lee Ann typifies the liveliness we traditionally associate with redheads—hers is no sultry come-hither look. It's a "Stay there and see what you think." So what do you think? We have trouble thinking at all when someone like Lee Ann's nearby.





Singly or in pairs, redheads really shine when they are out in the sun. This phenomenon must have something to do with the reflective properties of red hair. Reflect on that awhile—and on Pam and Paula Mattioli (right).





If all beautiful redheads had the courtesy to swing
in transparent hammocks, the world would be a better
place. Let's give thanks that some of them do.







There are redheads and then there are redheads. No two are alike, but PLAYBOY's redheads do share membership in a special subgroup of the crimson-tressed—they all happen to be knockouts. At left, a treat for Francophiles: a green-eyed Parisian model/actress named Françoise Gayat, who teases with a pretty pout. Above, you'll find Christine Davis (left) and Jada (right), who seem to have opposing views. And below, Linda Brooks sizzles by the seashore.



We spoke earlier about the blonde spectrum. The red-headed spectrum is no less comprehensive. From a carrot color to copper to the deep auburn shade of Virve Reid (below right and opposite), it has as many variable characteristics as women do—an infinite number.









Charlotte Kemp (right and below) has one of those bodies PLAYBOY readers love—her dimensions received even more fan mail than her rare hair color, which just goes to show that Playmates transcend categories. For a closer look at Charlotte's charms, see following spread.







The Perry twins, Piper and Tara (above), never made a Doublemint commercial, but these auburn-haired look-alikes were Bunnies in both the Dallas and Los Angeles Playboy Clubs. Her emerald-green setting sets a sharp contrast to the glowing-ember hues of Kathy Kennece's hair (below). At right is the beautiful titian-topped Jill Snider.









The many looks of the red-haired woman reflect her changeable temperament. Wide-eyed innocence, the candor of a smile, a hesitant peek—any expression draws a little more attention when it's surrounded by curls the color of flame.





A redhead with a watchful eye patiently
bides her time. In a world full of beautiful
women, you never know when one will
be waiting just around the next corner.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

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